No. 2767
Vol. CCXIII.

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THE SKETCH,
OCTOBER 25, 1950

2/-

The Sketch

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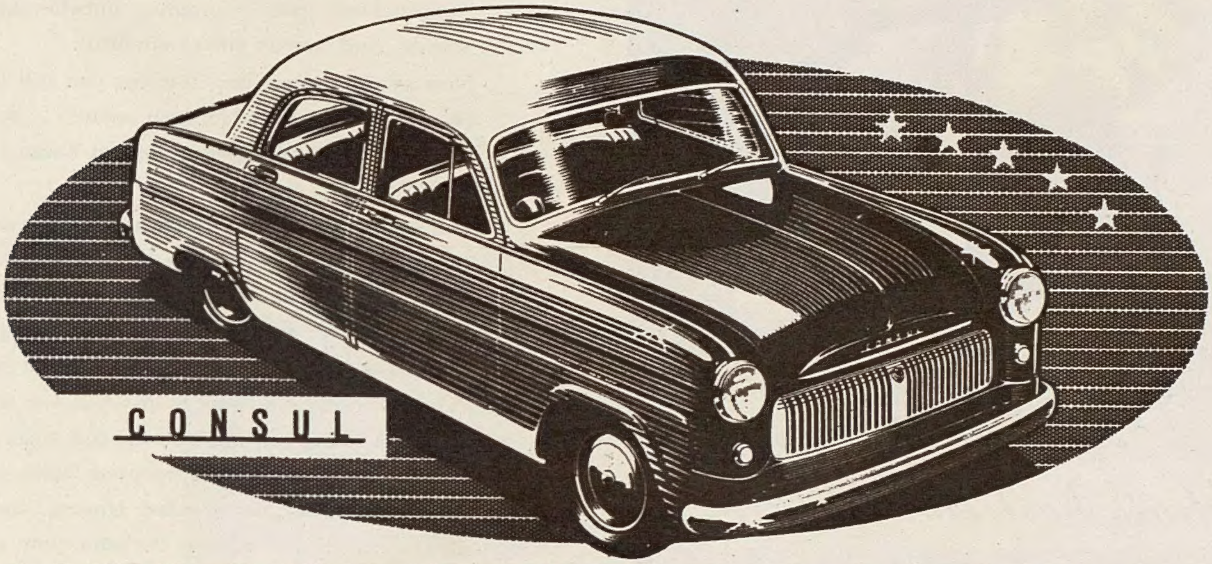

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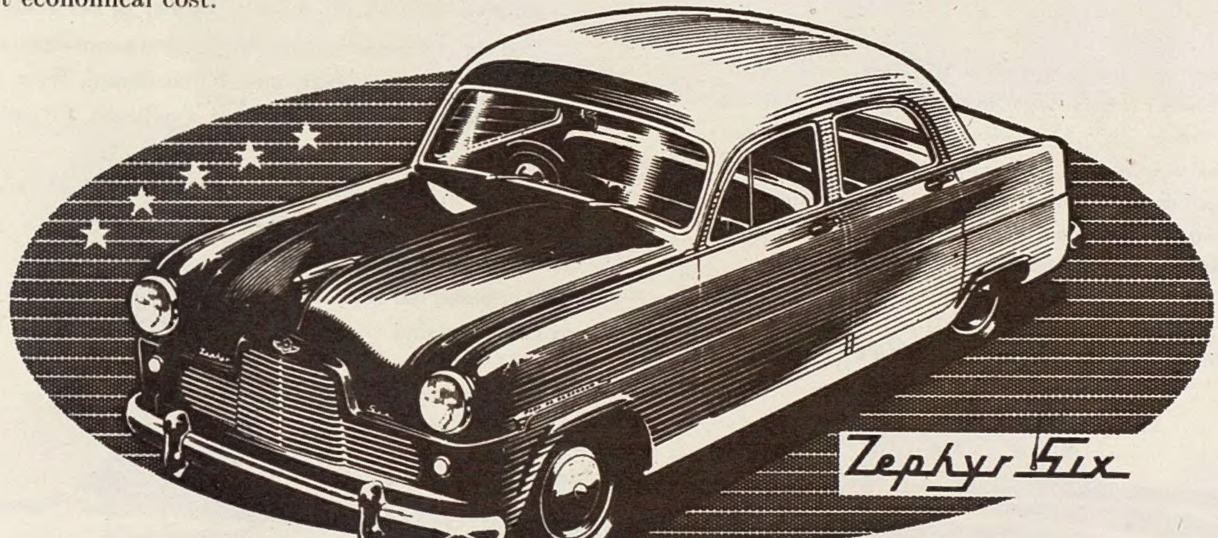

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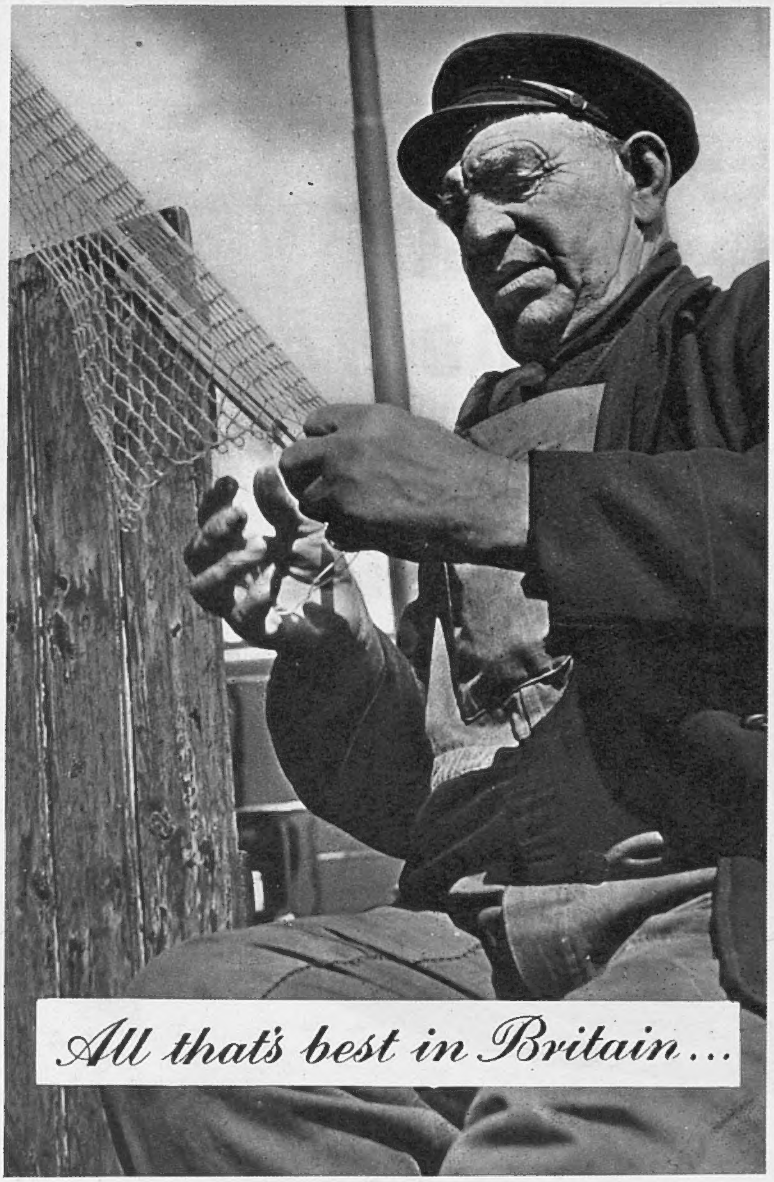

Year in, year out, from Cornwall to the lonely islands of the Hebrides, Britain's fishermen fight the unending battle of the sea to reap its harvest . . . . . . with each encounter gleaning new knowledge and experience . . . . . . in the same way the accumulated skill and experience of generations of engineers goes into the products of the Standard Motor Company, representing as they do in every detail of their design ' all that's best in Britain.'

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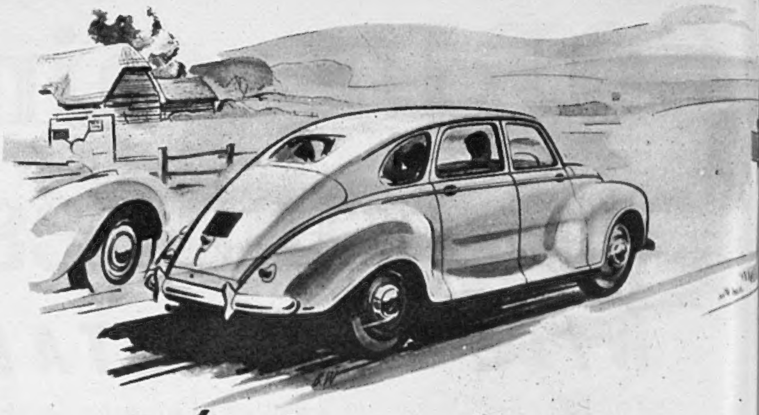

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You've heard incredible stories about this car—stories o International race triumphs; unbelievably high averag speeds. And frankly you're doubtful.

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Now you know it. This car—so disarmingly innocent—so spacious—has all the speed of victory in her veins.

This car is a waste of money if you don't care what a car does. There's such a lot built into it that doesn't show until you have it in your hands. Once tried, you'll say, 'I'd rather go by Javelin!'

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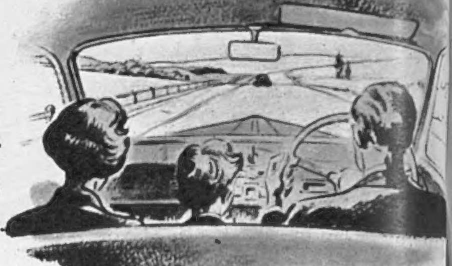

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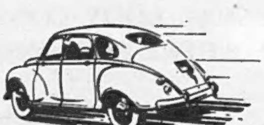

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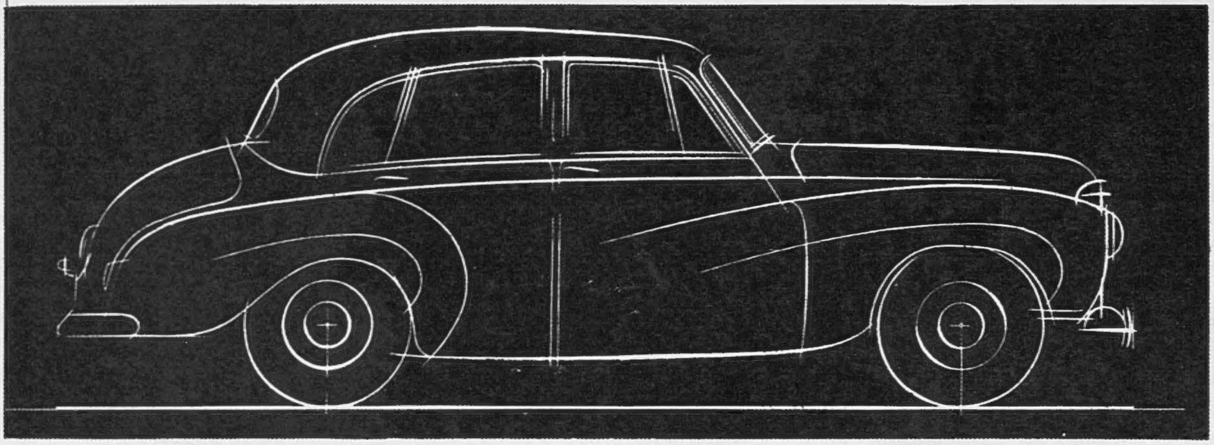
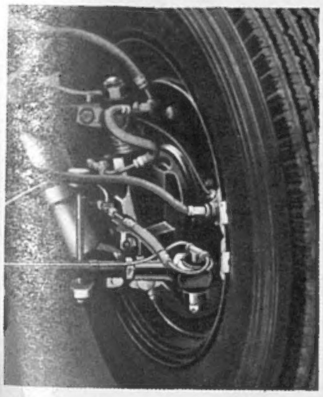
See it at Stand 140 — Earls Court Motor Show



Swift, modern body styling. Curved windscreen provides wide unobstructed view.



Independent front suspension. Hydraulic telescopic shock absorbers. Complete suspension system included in the fully Automatic Chassis Lubrication System.

Deep upholstery in soft leather. Wide rear seat with fold down centre armrest, unrestricted leg space and ample headroom.

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L23

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED · COVENTRY

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1950 has added still further world-wide proof that the Jaguar is indeed the finest car of its class in the world. Universal approval has increased the high export demand and wherever it goes the Jaguar enhances the prestige of the British Motor Industry. To its previous successes at Jabbeke, Silverstone and Palm Beach the Jaguar X.K.120 has won further honours by again winning its class in the 1950 Silverstone Production Car Race together with the team prize, and by making the best performance in the gruelling Alpine Trial in which it won an Alpine Cup and 11 other cups and awards. In the R.A.C. T.T. Race, Jaguar swept the board by winning the Tourist Trophy, Team Prize and Distance Award, and gaining the first three places in the unlimited class. The distinguished Mark V Jaguar Saloon continues to earn unstinted praise for its unique combination of elegance and high performance. During 1950, amongst other successes, it has won the Concours d'Elegance both at Monte Carlo and Eastbourne.

The Jaguar XK 120 Open Sports.

The Mark V Jaguar Saloon

See the full Jaguar range on **STAND 170**

THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

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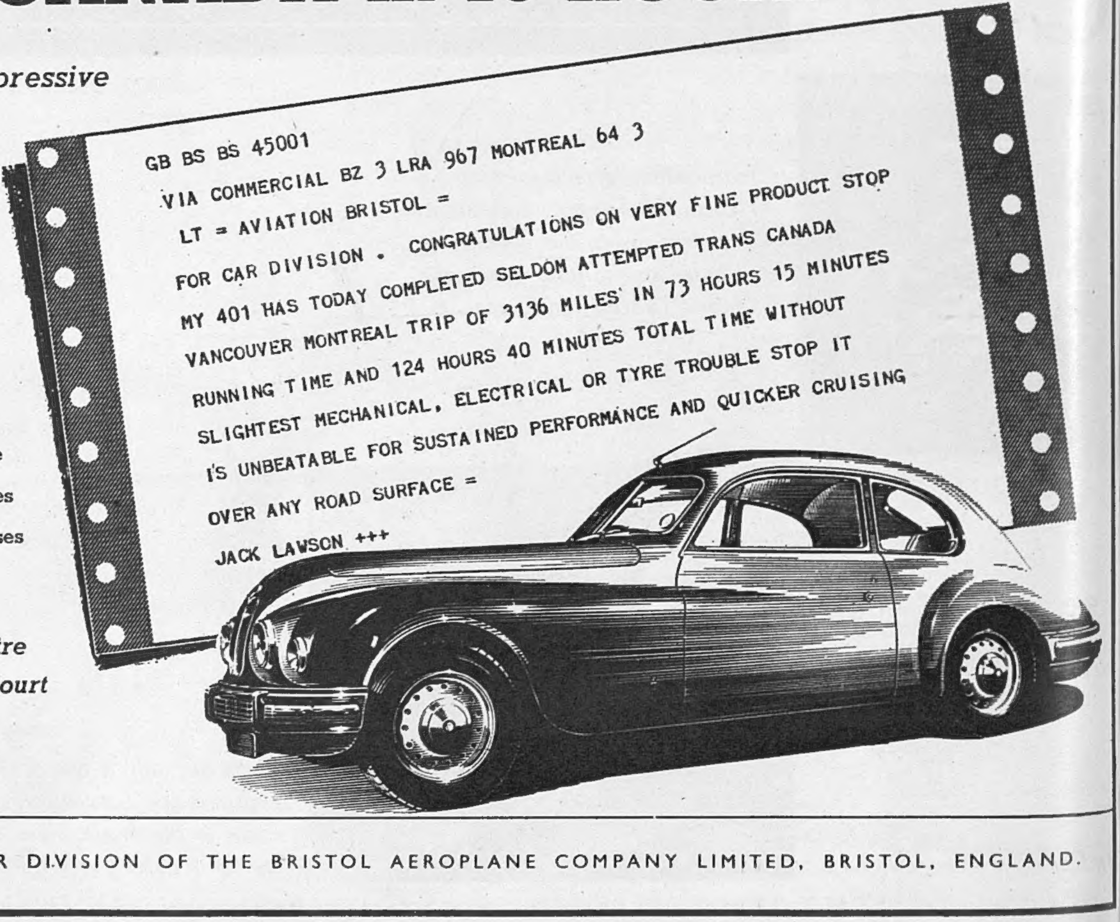

This latest achievement by a "Bristol" Type 401 production model in maintaining a 43 m.p.h. average over the 3136 mile Vancouver-Montreal route—in places no more than a cart-track—emphasises the car's exceptional reliability

See the "Bristol" 401 2-Litre on Stand 129 at Earl's Court

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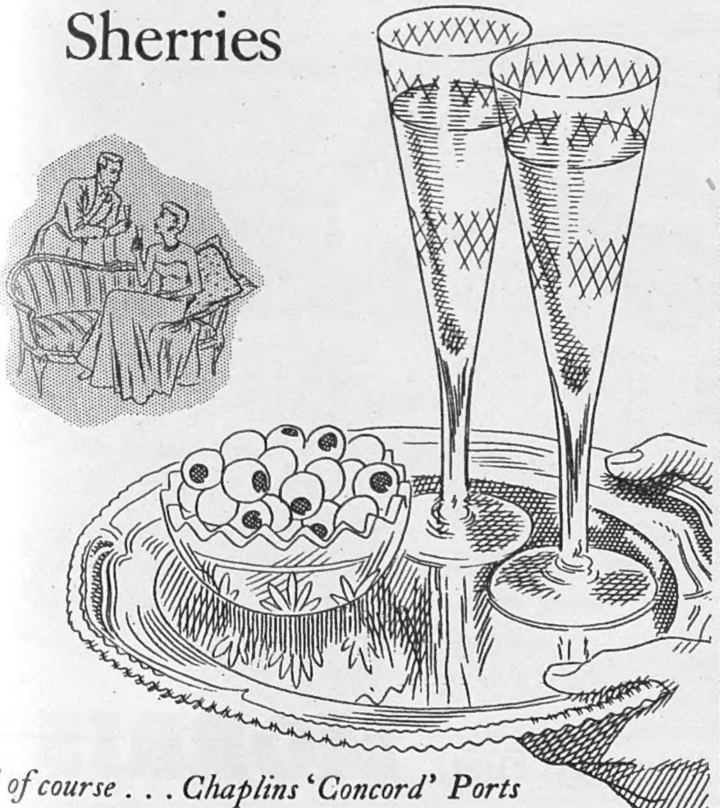
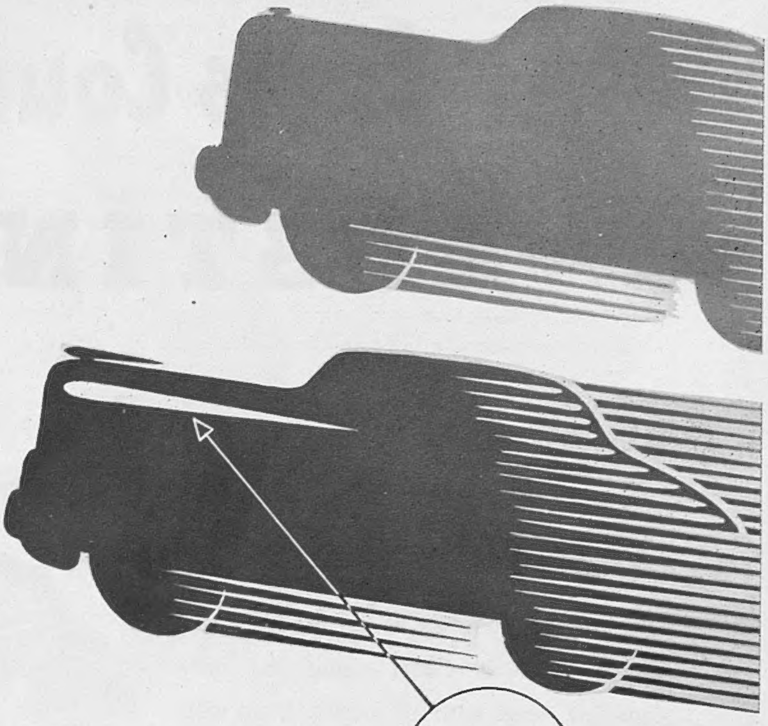
Chaplins
Sherries



and of course . . . Chaplins 'Concord' Ports



Look for the flutes

Through all the changes of car fashion one symbol has endured—the famous bonnet flutes which have distinguished Vauxhall cars since the earliest days of motoring. To Vauxhall owners the magic flutes have become a hall mark . . . of performance with an extra turn of speed . . . of supreme comfort in riding and driving . . . of economy in first cost and running costs . . . of nation-wide Square Deal Service. Today the flutes grace two outstanding Vauxhalls—the 2¼ litre 6-cyl. Velox (£450 plus £125 15s. p.t.) and the 1½ litre 4-cyl. Wyvern (£395 plus £110 9s. 5d. p.t.). See them at the Motor Show: Stand No. 161

. . . Vauxhall

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AUSTINS STAND 141

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AUSTIN

— you can depend on it !

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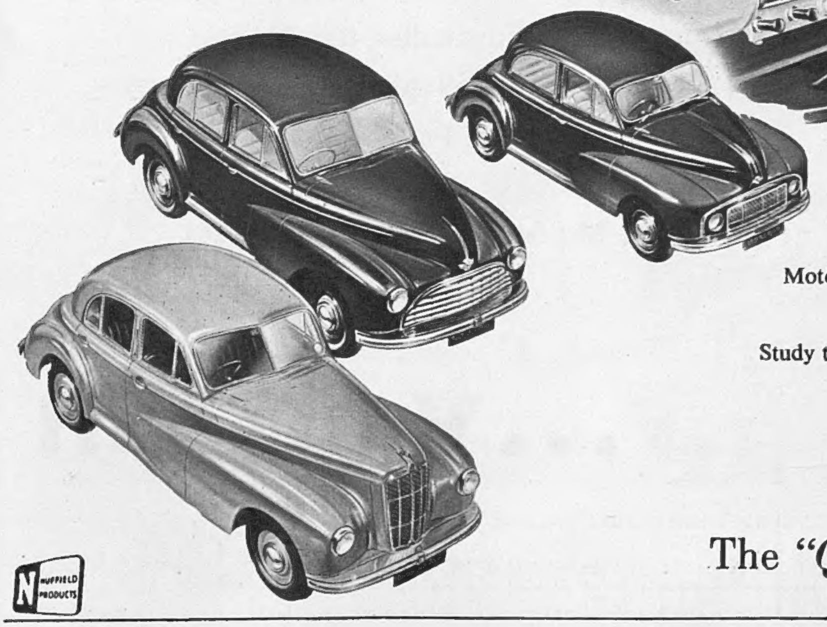
get

Inside Information

at the

MOTOR SHOW, EARLS COURT



Sit at the wheel of any car in the Morris range at the Motor Show. Sit in the back seat. Learn what Morris has done for comfort, leg room, shoulder room, head room. Study the exterior styling and finish. You'll agree that the modern Morris has entered a new and higher class—exclusively its own!

NUFFIELD PRODUCTS

The *"Quality First"* **MORRIS**

Every Daimler car
is a delight to behold
and a revelation to drive.
See these famous cars
for yourself — at the
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THE DAIMLER 2½-LITRE CONSORT SALOON

THE DAIMLER SPECIAL SPORTS

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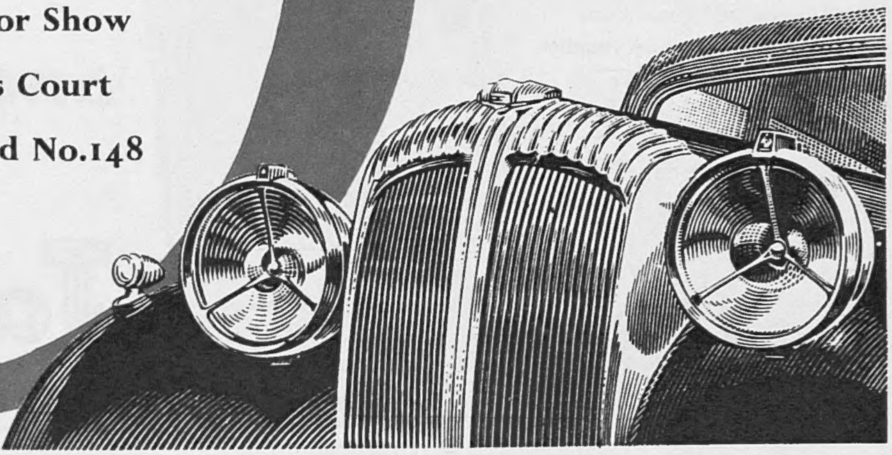
Motor Car Manufacturers
To H.M. King George VI



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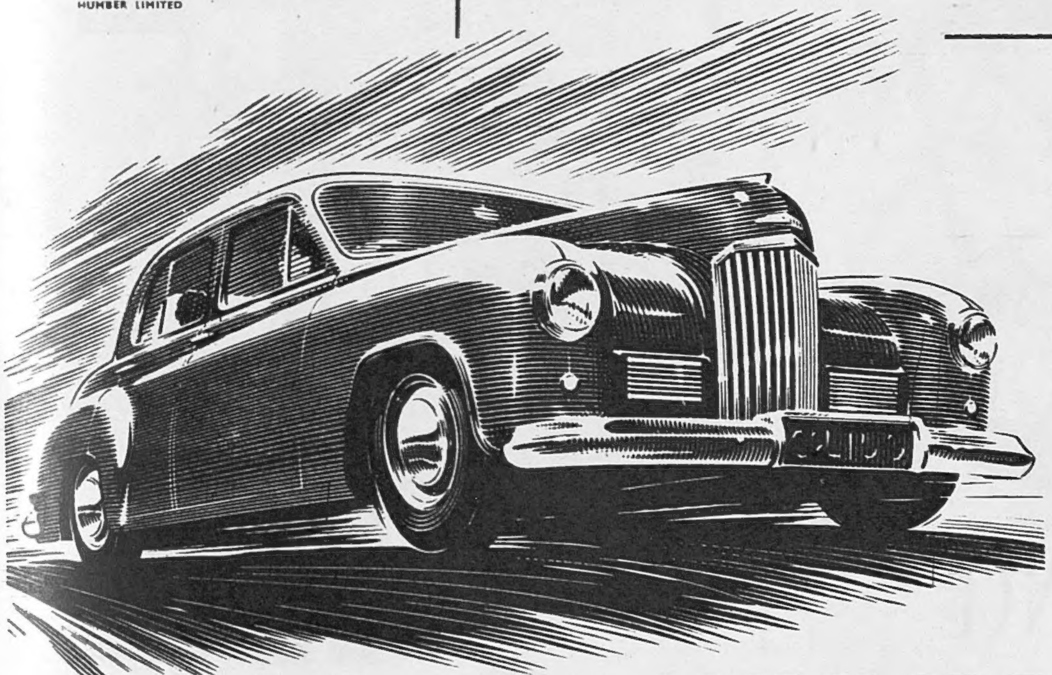
BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. THE KING
MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURERS
HUMBER LIMITED

Greater power *to start with*



THE NEW HUMBER HAWK now fitted with a larger engine, gives more power, brilliant performance, improved torque at slow speeds—yet running costs are as low as ever. Important improvements to suspension and new cushion tyres ensure a smoother ride under all conditions with increased comfort for the occupants. Maximum safety is assured with Lockheed Hydraulic two-leading-shoe brakes.

The New HUMBER HAWK

STAND 156 INTERNATIONAL MOTOR EXHIBITION, EARLS COURT, OCT. 18-28

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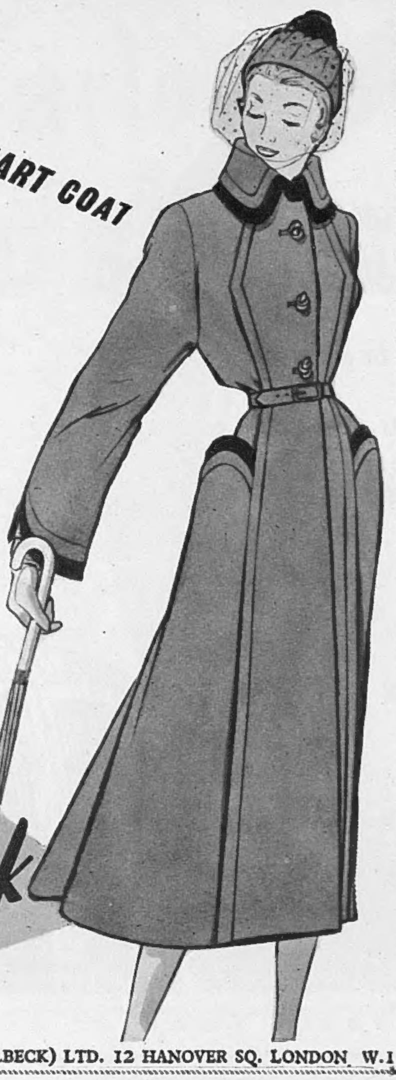

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I have *two* ages!

. . . how old I am . . .
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For the soft, smooth skin
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I thank regular
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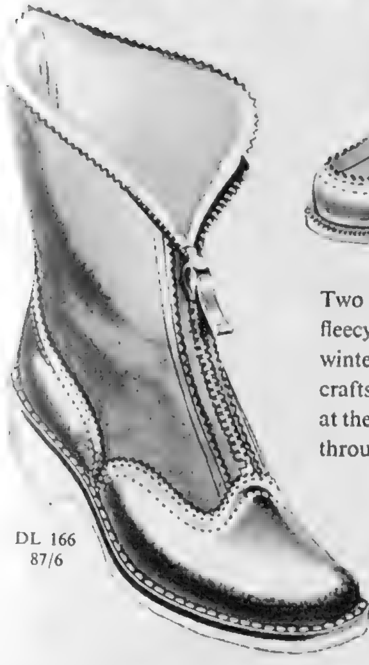

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1950

JOSEPHINE GRIFFIN . . . made her West End debut as Ellean in the revival of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* at the Haymarket.

The opening of the new House of Commons by the King on October 26th is to be televised. The splendid chamber with its fine craftsmanship is described by Sir Gilbert Scott as "the most difficult job I have ever had to do."

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

THIS AUTUMN two men, diverse in background but not so much in temperament, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their professional debut. One was Winston Churchill, the other was Mark Hambourg. Of course Churchill was making speeches long before he was elected to Parliament in 1900 (his first speech was undoubtedly in the nursery), but it was not until the electors of Oldham put their trust in him that he became a fully fledged politician.

He was a Conservative in those days, but as you all know he became a Liberal. After great triumphs and much vicissitude he became an Indépendent, and eventually a Conservative again—an event which was duly celebrated by a complimentary dinner given to him by a number of Tory M.P.'s and peers. Legend which is not always a liar, has it that the chairman, a peer of ancient vintage, introduced Churchill by saying: "I have been a Conservative longer than our distinguished guest—but not so often."

I am writing these notes before the event, but we Conservatives in Parliament are giving him a dinner to celebrate his fiftieth anniversary. What vast, unimaginable changes he has seen since the 20th century made its first appearance on the pages of history! What portraits must hang in the gallery of his memory! Imagine Lloyd George in all the ardour of youth looking for dragons to slay. Then Arthur Balfour, playing the piano while wishing that

politicians could be manipulated as easily as the keys. The Irish Party with Tim Healy pouring scorn upon his opponents but yet unable to hide his friendly feeling for them.

If the gods offered Winston Churchill the chance to live those fifty years over again I could imagine that he would answer: "Let them be the same. Discouragement is a bitter thing to experience, but how can one who has never known the dark enjoy the dawn?"

The contemporary historian, appraising Churchill's career, will travel swiftly to the tragic, glorious days of 1940 and say: "This was his finest hour." That is the obvious verdict; yet I have always had the feeling that his greatest triumph was unknown to the multitude—not only unknown but unsuspected. From 1929 to 1939 he was out of office, although his party was in power for all but two years of that time. Translate that into human terms applicable to any man of ability in any sphere. From 55 to 65 years he saw his star decline.

There was no place for his gifts in government. His publishers grew tired, and even the newspapers grew less eager to secure him as a contributor. To a man of genius and vital temperament with belief in his star, the years 55 to 65 are the period of glorious harvest. The sense of frustration to such an imperious nature must have been almost unendurable. As well deprive Toscanini of an orchestra for a decade, or deny Bernard Shaw a pen. Yet Churchill won his secret battle. When destiny called to him in 1939 he came to his task with a mind that had broadened, not narrowed, and with a soul that had never allowed itself to degenerate into bitterness. To me that will always be Churchill's supreme achievement—his triumph over the years of discouragement. What followed was the sequel to that lonely victory.

Mark Hambourg, of course, played the piano long before 1900, but, if my memory is correct, it was in that year that he became an out and out professional.

In my boyhood life in Toronto we knew of Mark as one of the aristocracy of the keyboard, and it was with a considerable sense of pride and expectation we learned that Mark's father, "The Professor," with his violinist son Jan, his cellist son Boris, his small son Michael and his two daughters had decided to come and live in Toronto with the idea of creating a conservatoire of music.

In those far off days we took culture pretty seriously in Toronto. The cinema had not yet made the whole world a suburb of Hollywood, nor had the radio captured the vast element of the air. Quite a number of us intended to go in for grand opera, though how or where we did not know. Others of a more moderate ambition hoped to become Paderewskis and learned to play Chopin exactly like everybody else. To this day, any rendition of Chopin sounds to me like an earnest Torontonian at work.

But now one of the Royal Families of music had come to dwell in our midst, and our chests expanded—not only those of the singers, but the pianists and the string players as well. It is true that the famous eldest son Mark continued to live in London, but we felt a possessive interest even in him. We crowded to the Conservatoire, and not only studied music but listened to the family's fascinating stories of life in the capitals of Europe.

Jan died sometime ago in Paris. Before me on my desk as I write I have two invitations for the next few days—one to the anniversary recital of Mark and one for a cello recital by Boris. Probably politics, or the theatre, or canasta will keep me from attending, but like Mr. Sinatra and his friend Irene, I shall see them in my dreams.

Then what have Mark and Winston in common? Quite a lot. They both married women who recognised that they were not as other men and would need the patience and affection shown to precocious children. Secondly, they both did what they wanted to do and were paid for it . . . which to me is very nearly the fulfilment of life. Each in his own way had a great "gust of life." That is why the years have dealt so kindly with them.

There the similarity ends. Churchill understands the music of words but has no love of the music of an orchestra. On the subject of politics Mark is a child. But then he is a Russian!

* * *

My wife, who has been looking at these notes in order to be late for a luncheon appointment, tells me that it is not only great men who find the joy of life in their occupation.

"Do you know what our fishmonger did for his holiday?" she asked. I assured her that I did not.

"He went fishing," she said.

That Was a nostalgic evening in the theatre when *Journey's End* was revived at the Westminster. You will remember how ten years after the 1914/1918 war ended it astonished the commercial theatre by a success that swept the world.

The trouble with memory is that it softens reality. Looking back on that Great War—for no one thought we would ever see another like it—we remember vividly the George Robey show we saw on leave, some absurd joyous moment when the adjutant was thrown from his horse, the little girls in their long white dresses going to Communion in a village behind the lines, the time that we gave a goat so much beer outside an estaminet that it got drunk and fell into a ditch on the way home, the mule races on the sports day when it was impossible to make a mule care whether it won or not, the letter from home saying that Uncle Ned had died. These never lose their vividness; the rear of it is dimmed. Perhaps it was the subconscious mind hanging on to sanity in a world that had gone mad.

How true is Sherriff's play? Did officers about to lead a daylight suicide raid on the enemy trenches talk about the beauties of the New Forest as they watched the hands of their watch? Men face death in strange ways. In the first war I knew an untidy subaltern who used to read poetry in the trenches, then go over the top and fight like a demon. On his return he would resume the poetry where he left off.

How different was the 1914 war from the last one! You could be at the front on a Thursday and racing at Newmarket on Saturday in an England which was physically as remote from danger as the planet Mars. You could listen to the pounding of the guns on the Western Front, and within a few hours hear the surging passion of Wagner's "Tristan" at Drury Lane.

It is in that frame of mind that one has to look at *Journey's End*. The first part seems remote, but the last act when the German attack begins is superb and convincing tragedy.

Not long after the present revival I walked home with Anthony Eden from a public dinner and we were discussing the play and the far off war. I offered the comment that the company commander, who is the hero of the play, took his time when the German attack began before he left the dug out and went up to the trenches.

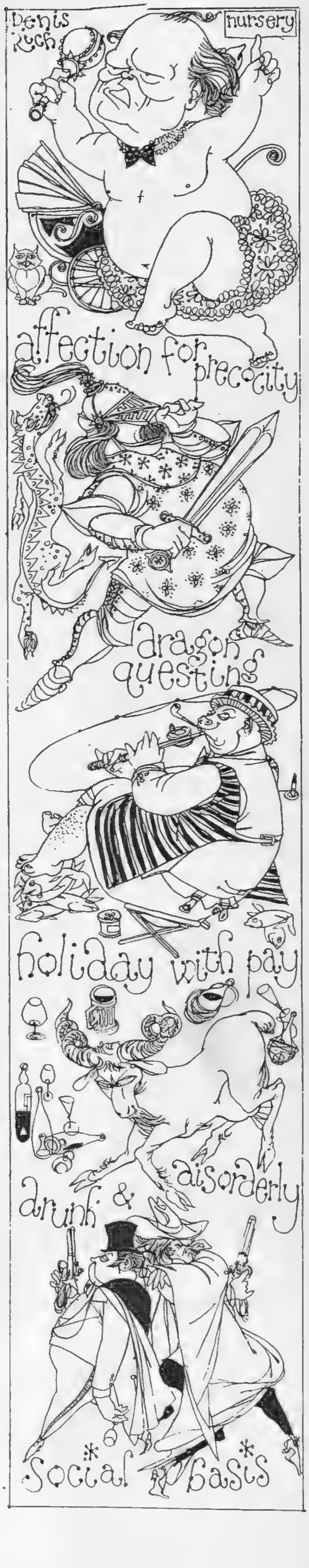
Eden, who won the M.C. as an 18-year-old subaltern, nodded his head. "It was surprising," he said, "how often a chap found some last thing to delay him before he left the dug-out."

Before we leave the subject of the theatre I would venture the suggestion that a critic should never meet actors on a social basis. If you like them it is hard to be unsparing if they subsequently give a bad performance, and equally difficult not to praise them too much if they give a good performance. If they are tedious it is not easy to suppress the feeling of boredom when they are on the stage and reproduce the same mannerisms if not the same words.

But that capable producer Bill Linnitt shed some new light on this subject a few days ago. He agreed with me that critics and theatre folk should not meet if it could be reasonably avoided. "Let us assume the impossible," he said, "and say that a critic takes a liking to a producer whom he has met socially. Subsequently the producer who is backing it, financially, takes a show for a provincial try-out. He knows after a week that he has a dud on his hands but the contract with the actors and the authors calls for a London presentation. He realises that it will be a flop but has to carry it out. The first night in London takes place, and the next morning all that the producer wants are notices that will sentence the play to death. But suddenly, this one friendly critic, out of the goodness of his heart, says the play is all right and praises the actors. Naturally the cast agree with the one critic and urge the producer to keep the play on until the public discovers it. Sometimes he does and nearly loses his shirt. Please, never give me a good notice out of kindness. It's apt to be very expensive."

O.K., Bill. Boy! Bring me a knife. I want to sharpen my pencil

Beverley Baxter



THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

Successful business man Mr. Walter S. Gifford replaces the retiring Mr. Lewis Douglas (left) as U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Mr. Gifford is sixty-five, was born at Salem, Mass., and educated at Harvard. He is an active member of the Republican Party, and former Head of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. He and Mrs. Gifford (right) have sons, grandchildren, and a delightful farm in Connecticut.

PARK FOOTBALL IS TABOO

THE BATTLEFIELD IS DESERTED

H.R.H. THE DUKE EXPLAINS THE N.P.F.A. TO THE DEPUTATION

STARRING H.R.H.

Scenes from a five minute film directed by Carol Reed, with H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh in the star part. The film demonstrates the need for more playing fields, and spotlights the aims and achievements of the National Playing Fields Association.

Candid Cameo

LORD BRABAZON OF TARA

By Henry Longhurst

IF the secret of happiness is to touch life at many points, Brab is a very happy man. His life has spanned just that half-century which has seen the most spectacular changes in human history, and the pictures round the walls of his office bear witness to the extraordinary number of them in which he has featured as a pioneer.

The newcomer to his room in the Berkeley Square offices of the Greyhound Racing Association might at first not notice them, his attention being concentrated on the formidably bald, substantial figure sitting at the desk at the far end. He can hardly know that the figure is waiting not so much to make some portentous utterance on big business or the current situation, as befits an ex-Minister of Aircraft Production and Transport and a director of this, that and the other, as for an excuse to demonstrate some new gadget that he has in the left-hand drawer.

Exhibit "A" of the Brabazon exhibition is Aviator's Certificate No. 1 of the *Fédération Aeronautique Internationale*, dated March 8, 1910—thirty years after which, by some means not to be too closely investigated, the holder secured for his motor registration number FLY 1. "Flying," he will tell you, "was never so interesting as when you could not fly"—a sentiment expressed with the conviction of one who has not left the ground for many years and declines to do so again, even in the juggernaut that bears his name, till they discover a non-inflammable substitute for petrol.

In the next exhibit a young man with gum-boots, Norfolk jacket, slightly prominent teeth and a fine shock of hair is seen grasping the levers of a Heath Robinson flying machine. This is none other than the "biplane pusher with bamboo and ash framework" which was the very first all-English aeroplane to fly. With it Brab took £1000 off the *Daily Mail* for a circular flight of one mile, average height 40 ft.—to say nothing of the vast bronze Michelin Trophy for the longest flight, 18 miles at 38 m.p.h. The picture shows a hamper strapped to the aeroplane, with a small pig leaning out of it, bearing the legend: "I am the first pig to fly." Alas, this historic beast found its way to the local pork butcher. The pilot still maintains that it ought to have gone to the British Museum.

Another picture, surely a unique galaxy of aeronautical pioneers, reveals a faintly sinister-looking, knickerbockered group under the heading, "First English Aerodrome. Mussel Manor, Shellbeach, Sheppey. 4 May 1909." In it are all three of the Short brothers; Wilbur and Orville Wright; young Moore-Brabazon; and the handsome, ill-fated Charlie Rolls, of Rolls-Royce. The first aeroplane ever made by the great firm of Shorts was made to Brab's design. It never left the ground.

Ballooning was much better, not to mention safer—"the only gentleman's way of leaving the ground"—and here they are again, Charlie Rolls, Brab, and an unidentified Frenchman, all in the basket ready to ascend from the Battersea Gas Works (45,000 cu. ft., £4 10s., "including labour and bags of sand; holders-down extra"). Ladies with feather boas and motoring veils, and a couple of Johnnies with eyeglasses, toppers and canes, pose proudly beside the basketful of intrepid aviators.

Brab was in at the birth of motoring, too, and it is highly characteristic of him that he continues to look on it as "motoring," rather than a means of locomotion, just as he still inclines to talk of "aeronautics." So here is the Norfolk-jacketed youth again, this time at the huge high steering wheel of the Minerva with which he has just won the Circuit des Ardennes, 1907—375 miles in 6 hours 14 mins.—complete with admiring spectators and garlands of victory.

Nowadays he appears with a different car almost every week-end, later reporting on it with penetrating frankness to the makers. A far cry some of them, from the 10-h.p. two-cylinder vehicle in the next picture, with lantern lamps, long bulb horn, and the aquiline, moustachioed, bolt upright Duke of Connaught as passenger. The car is the first Rolls-Royce. And the chauffeur-capped youth waiting respectfully to crank it? But, of course!

The most striking of Brab's pictures are perhaps the two huge enlargements of the Cresta. Brab has been riding the Cresta for the last forty years, and was going down this year within a second or two of the best of them, which, even if the death-or-glory aspect of this exhilarating pastime *is* laid on a little thick, is still not bad for a man of sixty-six.

Beside the Cresta pictures, curiously enough, are two interiors of a main-line railway station. Only very close inspection reveals them to be models—reminders of younger days when Brab had the best model railway in England. He *would* have! He ran it with his brother-in-law, Clarence Krabbe, and when they had a crash they sat and held a formal "inquiry."

Other pictures reflect further activities on which his probing, experimental type of mind has left its mark. He does not see why things should not be done differently. He shocked the yachting world, for instance, by turning up at Cowes with a sort of rotor-arm instead of a sail; and the chess world by telling them that they were living on dead men's brains and should transpose the white king and queen and start again; and the golf world by appearing at St. Andrews years ago wheeling his clubs on a trolley. Incidentally, St. Andrews was the scene of one of the brightest of those spontaneous "cracks" for which Brab is renowned and which generally he has had in cold storage for some months. His dry, perfectly-timed interjection at a pre-war meeting of the Royal and Ancient brought a yell of mirth from even the victims, the late Provost Boase and Mr. R. Harris, to whom he found himself in opposition. "Members should realise," he said, "that Bows and Arrows are weapons of a bygone age." I like, too, especially if you know the club, his entry in the suggestion book at Royal St. George's, Sandwich, when the course was flooded and too little, he thought, was being done about it: "That the water in the bunker guarding the 13th green be changed."

It is in politics, of course, that Brab's pungent wit and caustic sallies find the perfect setting, first, for twenty-four years in the House of Commons, and now among their Lordships. When he is "up," members put down what they are doing and file in to relish the latest quip—such as when he described a past Archbishop of Canterbury (His Grace having delivered a speech on finance) as "talking through his mitre."

If all this is a little un-"candid" and therefore uncritical, it is because the subject is such uncommonly good company. I am always happy to see him on the horizon, because his appearance spells an instant quickening of what Arnold Bennett called the interestingness of life. He combines a permanently schoolboyish interest in things with an almost unique variety of grown-up experience.

What more can you ask? One thing. For years I have been trying to stir him into writing a book recapturing and preserving all the people and places, the humour, experiment, disappointment, amusement, and miscellaneous diversity with which his life has already been crammed. Will he do it? Yes. But never to-day.

★

Who . . . Me?

THANK-YOU, Henry. Wise man to be so kind. At one time I never liked big-game trophies, but I thought your head, mounted on a suitable oak base, might add to the glory of my office, with the inscription: "First journalist ever slain at an interview."

So you think I should write a book. I did go to a publisher once about publishing a biography. What he conveyed to me, although he did not say it actually, was: "Yes, I suppose you are finished." Don't you get that sort of nonsense into your head. "But now I'm a Lord, and a good Lord, too," and life for me is just starting.

Come to my office again in twenty years' time; you will be surprised. I might write a book then, but I don't promise; things will be so much more interesting that I'm sure there won't be time.

Brabazon of Tara

BRABAZON: THE MAN AND THE MACHINE

THE FIRST ROYAL CESAREWITCH

His Majesty was at Sandringham, and therefore unfortunately unable to see his home-bred filly "Above Board" achieve the first win ever in the Royal Colours of the Cesarewitch Stakes at Newmarket. With E. Smith up, she won by six lengths from Lord Astor's gelding "French Squadron." The field of thirty-eight runners was the biggest in the history of the race, and the filly gained much applause as she raced to the front at the Bushes and kept up, unchallenged, to win...

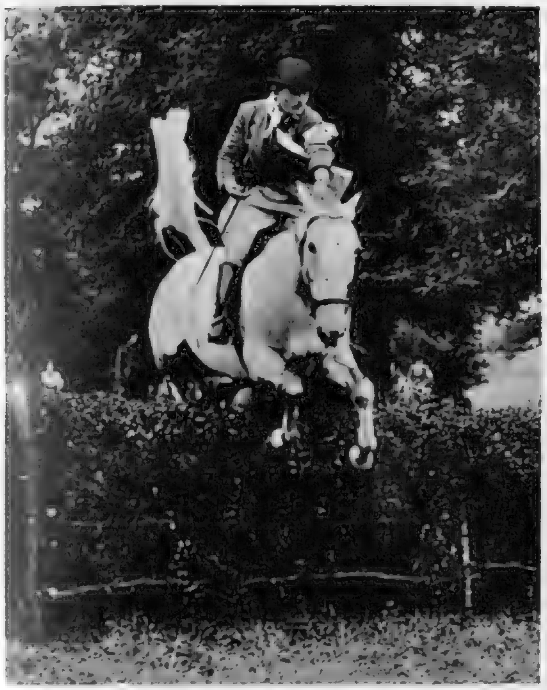
On the left, after the race, "Above Board" is seen with her jockey and the King's trainer, Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort (the tallest figure).

DATE-BOOK

Reading clockwise from eleven o'clock: Sept. 27—Some winners at Henley meeting of British Horse Society, British Riding Club: Mrs. Inderwick on *Happy Jack* . . . Mrs. Williams on *Clogheen* (winner, Class 2, Medium Equitation Test); Captain Vranesevic on *Ibrahim*, 2; Miss Pullein-Thompson on *Roseday*, 3 . . Sept. 27—At Sir Ivor and Lady Thomas's cocktail-party guests congratulated him on promotion to Q.M.G.: Lady Thomas with Lord Bellew . . . Lady Slim with Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney . . Sept. 28—At Grosvenor House for Catholic Hierarchy Centenary Congress banquet: Mrs. Walmsley, Mrs. Eric Sandars, Miss Barbara Ward the economist, recently engaged, and Mr. Walmsley . . . Lord Sempill with Cardinal von Preysing.

DATE-BOOK

Clockwise from eleven o'clock: Sept. 28—At St. James's, Spanish Place, Michael John, son of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Fitzherbert-Brockholes, Claughton Hall, Garstang, married Mary Edith, daughter of Capt. Charles Moore, of Hampton Court Palace . . . Sept. 29—Mrs. John Walter's flowery hair-do at party in connection midnight showing of *Accolade* . . . Sept. 29—New undergraduate, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford: Princess Astrid of Norway (standing) seen with Princess Ragnhild at Norwegian Embassy . . . Sept. 30—London's New Lord Mayor elect, Alderman Denys Lowson, and wife, snapped at Brantridge Hall, Balcombe . . . Sept. 30—At Tattenham Corner Horse Show and Gymkhana: Mr. E. H. Covell with Tessa, Phyl and Angela Covell . . . Competing: Angela.



DATE-BOOK

Clockwise from one o'clock : Sept. 30—After their wedding at St. Mary's, Felpham, Bognor Regis, Mr. Michael Lane and his bride, neé Miss Heather Boyce . . . Oct. 2—On the eve of their Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, wedding, Sir Harry Brittain gave party for his daughter Alida and Major John Keith Harvie . . . Oct. 5—Married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Miss Fiona Edmonstone and Major A. R. J. Buchanan-Jardine, son of Sir John Buchanan-Jardine of Castle Milk, Lockerbie . . . Oct. 7—At the Chapel, Sandhurst Royal Military Academy, Capt. C. W. D. Hackett, 3rd Dragoon Guards, married Miss K. H. H. Martin of Vancouver, B.C. . . . Oct. 7—Competing at Garth Hunt show and trials, Stanlake Park, Twyford, Captain Naylor-Leyland on *Torloisk* . . . and Miss P. Cope, who won Class 2, Ladies' Hunters, on *Royal Realm*.

DIN SKAAL!

NOTHING could exceed the warmth of Denmark's welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill during their four-day visit to the country as the guests of King Frederik and Queen Ingrid at Fredensborg Castle. They were feted and banquetted; Copenhagen University conferred upon Mr. Churchill the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Philosophy; and among many gifts was a surprise one of £5000—a bequest to the man or woman of any nationality deemed to have done the most distinguished work in the preservation and advancement of European culture. Toasting Mr. Churchill at a State Banquet, M. Rasmussen, the Foreign Minister, said he personified the England which would rather die than capitulate to the forces of evil.

In the gardens of Fredensborg Castle, the royal hosts and their guests: (L. to R.) Queen Ingrid, Mr. Winston Churchill, King Frederik, the Dowager Queen Alexandrine, and Mrs. Churchill.

A chat with pro-Rector Carsten Hoegh, during the ceremony at which Mr. Churchill received the degree of Honorary Doctor of Philosophy of Copenhagen University.

Copenhagen Danes chanted "We . . . want . . . Winnie" as Mr. Churchill stood up in the car in which he was driving with Mrs. Churchill through the streets on their arrival.

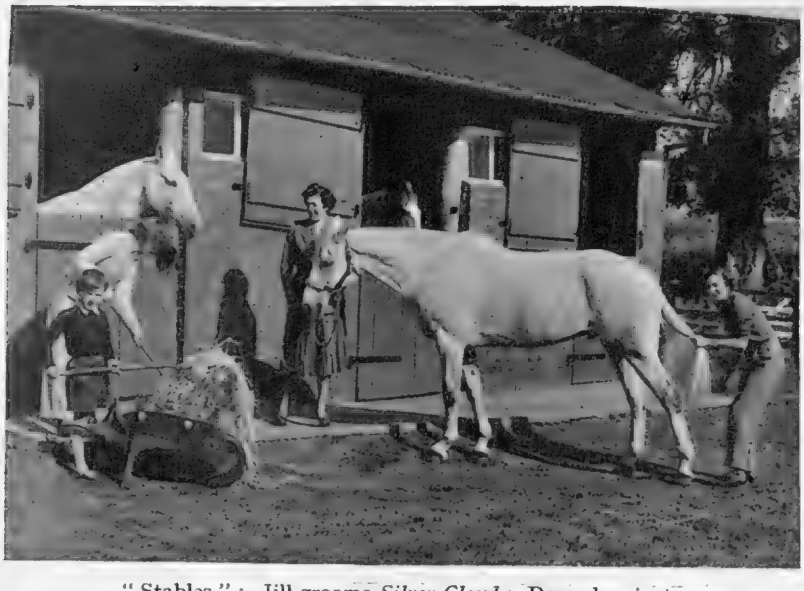
THE LADY KATHERINE BRANDRAM

Before her marriage in 1947 to Major Richard Brandram, R.A., Lady Katherine was Princess Katherine of Greece. Their son, Richard Paul George Andrew, was born in 1948.

More than 300 rosettes—mostly Championships and "Firsts"—decorate Jill's bedroom walls. She pins up her Championship rosette which she won at Harringay in the "Horse of the Year" Show, 1950.

YOUNG SHOW-JUMPER

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD Jill Palethorpe, of Kidderminster, is an outstanding young show-jumper who won her first gymkhana at 2½. Besides the rosettes, she has collected some 23 Silver Challenge and other Cups, including the Princess Elizabeth Cup at the International Horse Show, White City, when she beat Miss Kellett by half a fault.

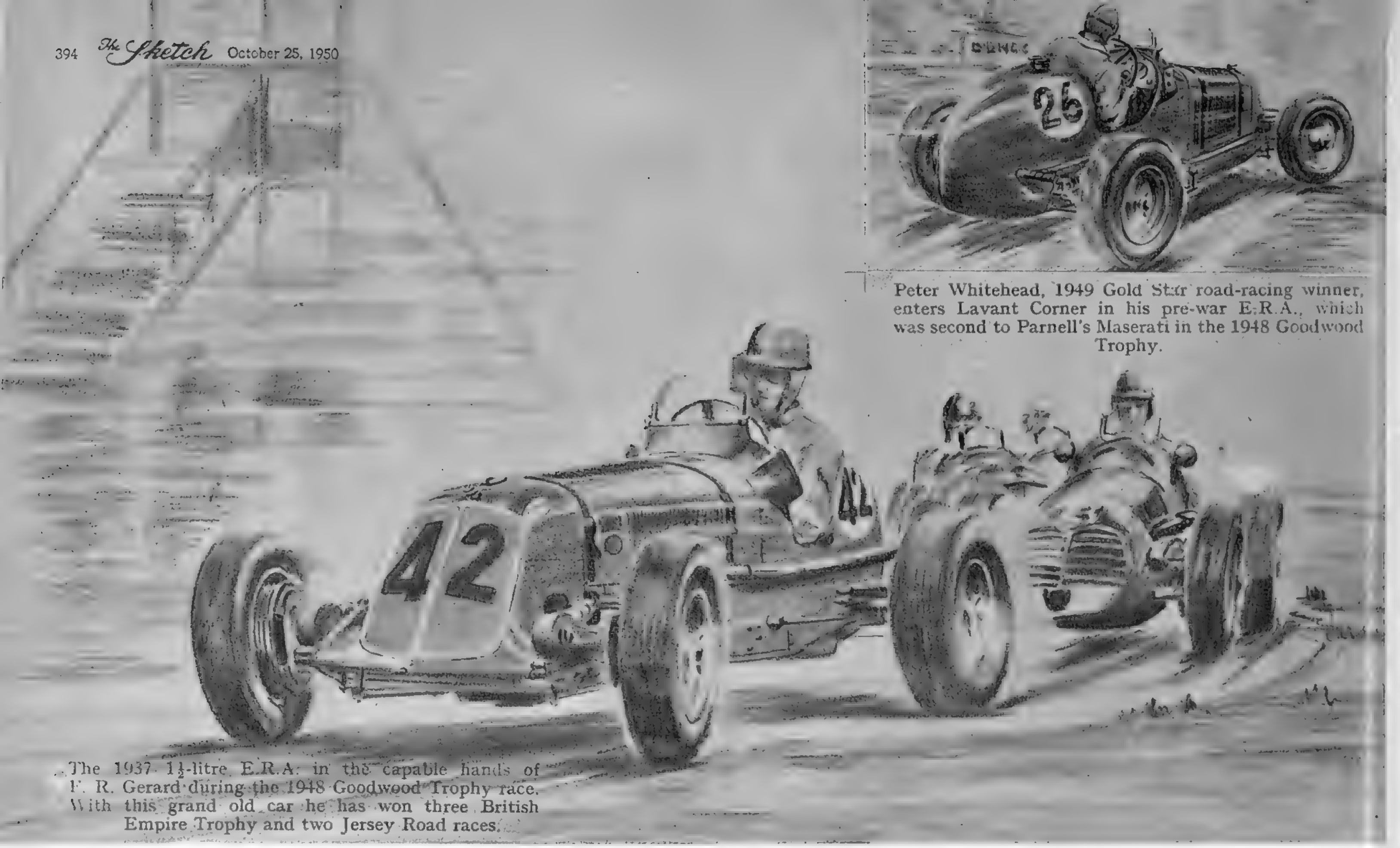


"Stables": Jill grooms *Silver Cloud*: Dawn has just boxed 25-year-old *Silver*—still a splendid jumper and prizewinner; Mrs. Palethorpe superintends; John lends a hand.

Training her chestnut gelding *Ginger-Pop* under Pony Club Rules. Jill raced in some of last season's point-to-points in the Midlands, riding under her own colours.

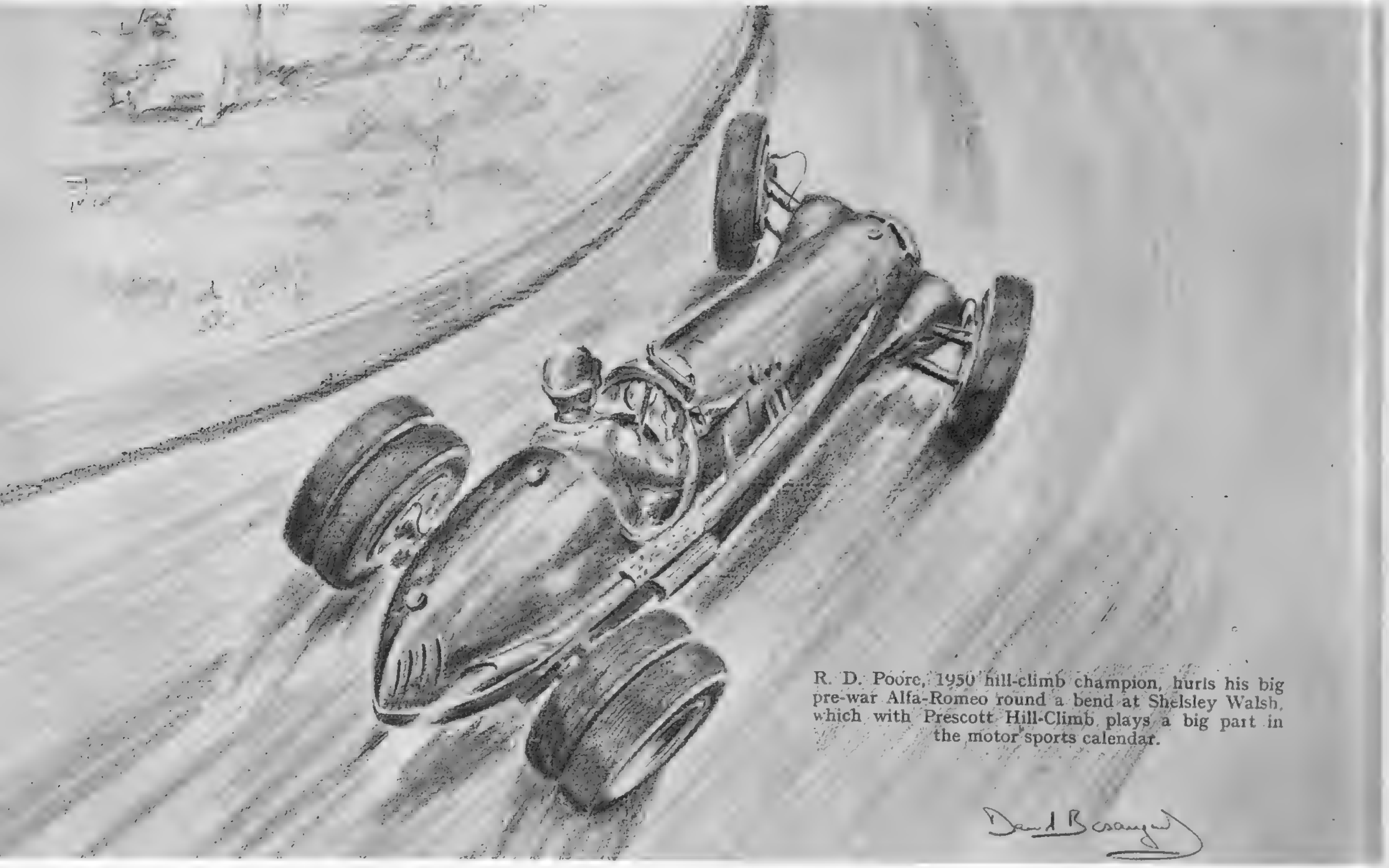
HAIL AND FAREWELL
TO A GALLANT ADMIRAL

Admiral Richard Lansing Conolly has been Commander-in-Chief U.S. Naval Forces, Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean, over four years. Now, on November 1, he is leaving to become President of the U.S. Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island, and he goes with the hearty good wishes and regrets of all those who have known him over here.



Peter Whitehead, 1949 Gold Star road-racing winner, enters Lavant Corner in his pre-war E.R.A., which was second to Parnell's Maserati in the 1948 Goodwood Trophy.

The 1937 1½-litre E.R.A. in the capable hands of F. R. Gerard during the 1948 Goodwood Trophy race. With this grand old car he has won three British Empire Trophy and two Jersey Road races.

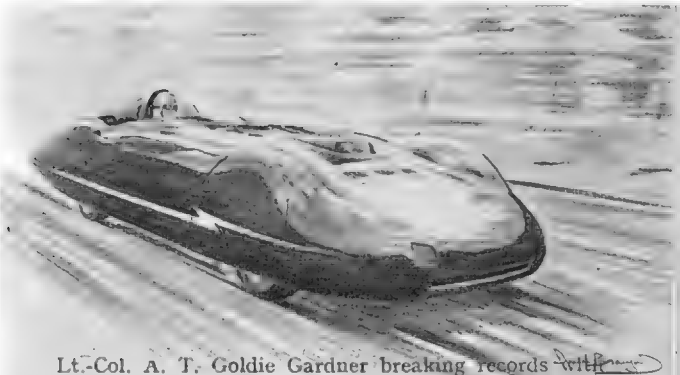


R. D. Poore, 1950 hill-climb champion, hurls his big pre-war Alfa-Romeo round a bend at Shelsley Walsh, which with Prescott Hill-Climb plays a big part in the motor sports calendar.

BRITISH MOTOR-RACING: POST-WAR TO B.R.M.

THE revival of motor-racing in England after the war was handicapped by lack of track facilities and raw materials such as rubber and fuel. During 1946 hill-climbs and speed trials were held at Shelsley Walsh and Prescott . . . 1947 heralded the revival in earnest with the Jersey Road Race and the Isle of Man British Empire Trophy. The R.A.C. acquired Silverstone airfield, and the Duke of Richmond lent Goodwood airfield to the British Automobile Racing Club . .

S. A. Coldham in his Cooper winning a 500 c.c. race at Goodwood (lent by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon to the British Automobile Racing Club. Short races are run on pre-war Brooklands pattern.



Lt.-Col. A. T. Goldie Gardner breaking records with his famous M.G. Among his records: 1,500-2,000 c.c. at 173.6 m.p.h.; 1,100-1,500 c.c. at 203.9; 750-1,100 c.c. at 203.2; and 500-700 c.c. at 159.1.

Reg Parnell in the B.R.M. pulled off two fine victories at Goodwood, Saturday, September 29. "Bira" in Italian Maserati (right) nearly passed him once, but the B.R.M. pulled away to win easily when Parnell put his foot down. Top gear was never used. Average speed: 82.48 m.p.h. on a track awash with rain!

1948: Goodwood opened for sprint races, and Silverstone for the R.A.C. International Grand Prix . . . 1949: The first British Grand Prix and the *Daily Express* sponsored races for all classes of cars at Silverstone . . . 1950: The Grand Prix de l'Europe, at Silverstone for the first time, was attended by the King and Queen. During the last two or three years small 500 c.c. cars have been developed for the impecunious enthusiasts and have inaugurated a widely-popular form of racing. In the bigger racing classes, up to the advent of the B.R.M. no British car could compete with the Italian Alfa-Romeos, Maseratis, and Ferraris, but England's sports cars had successes at home and abroad. The B.R.M.'s victories at Goodwood on September 29 this year augur well for 1951, when perhaps a team of three cars in British racing green will once again be seen in the first row of International events. (Drawings by David Bosanquet).

Motor Show
1950
New Season's cars inspected by the new season's Clothes at Earls Court . . . .
Right: the 3½-litre Jaguar XK 120
The New Sunbeam Talbot Convertible coupé
The New M.G Midget open two-seater
Javelin "Jupiter"

Rover 6 cylinder "75" Saloon
The Austin A 90 Atlantic Sports Saloon
The Bristol type 401
"Triumph" Sports Model

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET

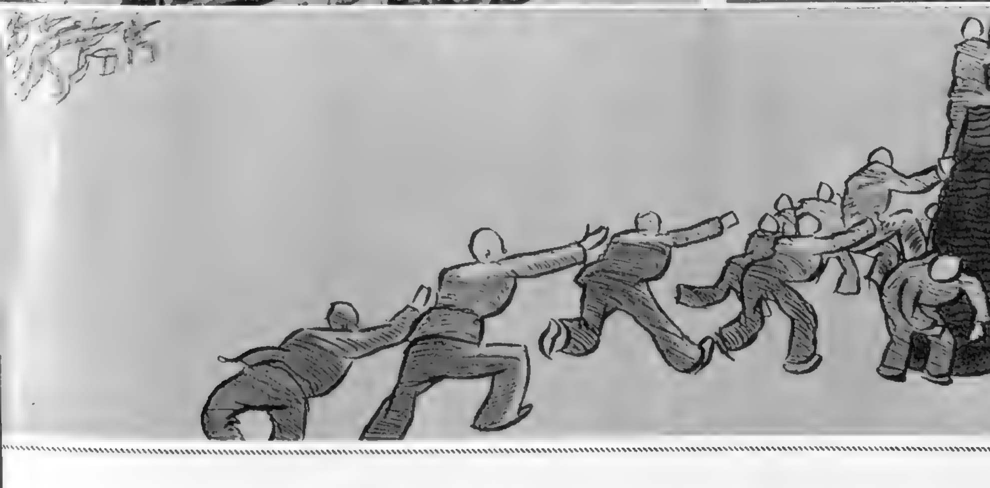
TO END ALL

Apart from the excellence and formidability of the cars themselves, the 1950 show is producing the most formidable waiting-list home buyers have ever had to face in the history of the Exhibition.

OPENS THE MOTOR SHOW

WAITING-LISTS.

Wars and rumours of wars have changed the business of choosing your car and driving it away, into hoping that your children will live to take delivery. But some of these cars are certainly very smooth to the touch.



" . . . and something inside me said: 'Ask her now, man, if it's the last thing you ever do.' "

" No — you don't exactly play it."

EVOLUTION

ENCHANTMENT IN CAMERA: By Fred Daniels

AT THE THEATRE

His Excellency (Princes) : Eric Portman shows how an ex-docker can govern a Mediterranean island.

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray (Haymarket) : Paula Tanqueray, now played by Eileen Herlie, reappears in Pinero's showpiece.

Ring Round the Moon (Globe) : A charade, taken from the French by Christopher Fry, and Produced by Peter Brook.

King's Rhapsody (Palace) : Ivor Novello is the King, and Vanessa Lee his Queen, in Novello's Ruritanian "musical."

THE ENGLISH THEATRE AND THE 1951 FESTIVAL

I HAVE been asked in what way next year's Festival of Britain can affect the Theatre. It will mean one thing : that next summer there will be many more West End playgoers. Thousands from overseas will not have been in a London theatre before. The theatre managers have now to decide how to interpret "Festival." Does it mean that programmes should be overwhelmingly Popular—that the stage should grab a funny hat and a seat on a roundabout—or that managers should dart suddenly to the other extreme and spend their summer mountaineering in the classics ?

Personally, as both critic and lover of the theatre, I think managers would be wise to steer a straight, midway course. The Old Vic plays, the Alec Guinness *Hamlet*, the Olivier-Leigh *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, and an open-air *Dream* will see that the classics, from Shakespeare to Shaw, are well guarded. We can be certain that the lighter stage will look after itself in musical comedy and revue. For the rest, I feel that London managers should keep their theatres as far as possible for British authors—this is the Festival of Britain—and that if they cannot find enough good comedies and straight dramas (direct and unpretentious) they should mark the Festival by reviving some of the most popular *theatrical* plays of the half-century.

Many people have just been moved deeply by a revival of Sherriff's *Journey's End* at the Westminster (not a star name in the cast). I would like to see such pieces, in a wide variety of moods, as, say, *His House in Order*, *What Every Woman Knows*, *Loyalties*, *Hassan*, *Thark*, *Outward Bound*, *A Bill of Divorcement*, *Yellow Sands*, *Tobias and the Angel*, *The Lady with a Lamp*, *Robert's Wife* . . . Choose your own list : the titles suggest themselves in scores.

If we are to have special Festival programmes, West End managers should remember such plays as these (and many more), which compose the sound honest fabric of the theatre. The more good new work the better : that is obvious. But if we must revive, then let the revivals speak for the best on our commercial stage across the years. Certain people, I believe, this season attacked the Edinburgh Festival authorities for having included a farce. Whatever else the London theatre does in the Festival of Britain, it should ignore any attempt to turn a festival into an act of penance—hair shirts supplied !

Accolade (Aldwych) : Emlyn Williams as his own newly-knighted novelist who leads a double life.

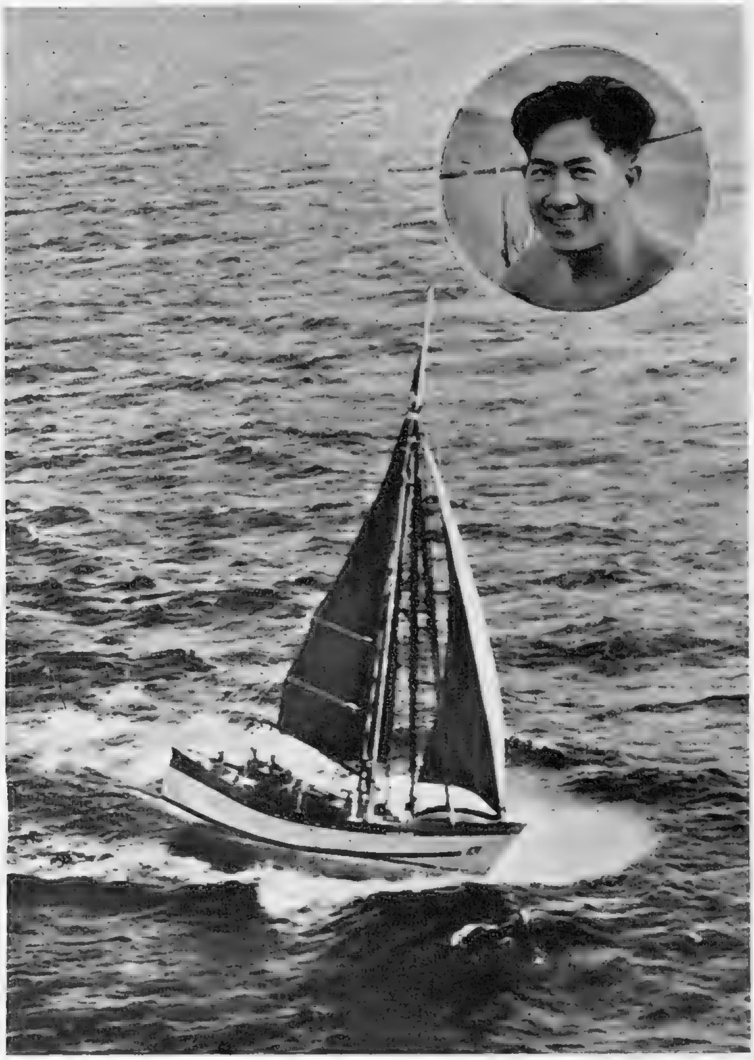
Carousel (Drury Lane) : Forget comparisons and see this as a good Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play.

. with J. C. TREWIN

"THE OLD LADIES"

They are back—*The Old Ladies* of Hugh Walpole's book and Rodney Ackland's still tensely exciting stage version (Lyric, Hammersmith). Mary Jerrold is again the soul of kindness, and Jean Cadell is infinitely pathetic as the little woman terrified to death by the evilly covetous Agatha Payne. Mary Clare fumbles Agatha, but the play survives.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .



" BOLETH " and all who sailed in her on 15,000-mile hop from Singapore to Salcombe, Devon, via Cape Verde Islands, Ascension, St. Helena, Simonstown, Mauritius and Colombo in seven-and-a-half months. Her skipper was Comdr. Robin Kilroy; her crew, Lt.-Cmdrs. J. Rusher and P. Aplin, Mr. George Jarvis, and Chang (inset) who cooked over 500 hot meals in all kinds of weather.

GEORGE MURREL, for assembling this collection of swimming trophies before his 18th birthday, and in particular the monster he is holding—awarded for winning the pier-to-pier race at Brighton in the fastest time since 1938. George is an enthusiastic member of the London Leander Swimming Club.

THE CHEFS of London's Cumberland Hotel, for beating the recent gas strike with an Army-style field kitchen on their roof. Here, kitchen-hand Eileen Barker takes over roast chickens from Head Chef A. Douharet; Cook S. B. Denny replaces them with rolled ribs of beef; Chef A. Fuller stirs the soup.

REG. PARNELL, for redeeming the reputation of the B.R.M. with a double win at Goodwood. Britain's £200,000 Grand Prix racing car, after failing to start recently at Silverstone, streaked to victory in her two Goodwood races on September 30th with Reg. Parnell at the wheel. Average speed: 82.48 m.p.h. in steady rain.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD (AND REMOVE OUR HEADDRESS TO)

RAM GOPAL

. . . in his gold headdress of magnificent craftsmanship, for being one of the finest living exponents of the dances of India. He and his elegant Indian dancers are giving a two weeks' season at the Adelphi. He is seen as Siva, Lord of the Dance, in "The Dance of the Setting Sun."
(Photograph by Angus McBean)

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

POOR Val Gielgud; Has any major official of the B.B.C. ever been so consistently in trouble since his decision to concentrate his activities as Director of Drama, on television, for a year? Scarcely had he lived down the "Gloomy plays" controversy, when the second performance of his play, *Party Manners*, was banned to please the sensitive Socialists. The first spot of bother can be forgotten and ignored; the second cannot.

Why all this fuss anyway? Briefly, the story of the play is about a Socialist head of the National Atomic Board who, on receiving a report from a scientist, is faced with the dilemma of whether to pass it on to his Government or not. If he does, the report, embodying a process which would revolutionise industry, would ensure the Socialists winning a forthcoming General Election. But publication of the process would also endanger national safety. What is he to do? Around this bare outline is woven a pattern of satirical comment on the methods of modern politics—which have long ceased to be a game for gentlemen.

This play, it may be remembered, had already been produced on the stage and broadcast without so much as a peep out of the Socialists. One television performance, however, and the rocket goes up. Could anything be sillier?

But the serious aspect is that *any* political party should be in a position to affect public entertainment which may be critical of it. One cannot but feel contempt towards the bunch of politicians whose megalomania is so advanced that they cannot allow their august legs to be pulled; and towards the B.B.C. for being so weak-kneed as to give way over this matter.

It was all very secret—far too secret for a healthy democracy. Is there, perhaps, in this country an undivulged Ministry of Propaganda as there was in Germany, where every work of art was subject to its canons? Did we all spend those bitter years fighting, among other things, for freedom of thought and expression only to find the same evil of political censorship creeping into our own lives?

How Dr. Goebbels, in his own private corner of Hell, must have laughed!

Peter Dimmock and his merry men took to the air recently for the first O.B. from a plane. It was a stunt that may well have far-reaching influence on television . . . Lian-Shin Yang (below), the first Chinese "Madame Butterfly" in Puccini's opera, was the star of the first full-length operatic offering from Alexandra Palace. George Foa produced.

The Continental flavour persists on our T.V. screens. Christian Dior, ace dress designer, sent over part of his new collection to set feminine viewers' hearts all a-flutter.

A scene from the TV production of Masefield's *The Tragedy of Pompey the Great* (reviewed in our last issue). Jack Livesey as Metellus Scipio; James Carney as Pompey.

The Gentle Gunman, by Roger MacDougall, was an exciting if wordy commentary on the Irish Question. Robin Bailey, Louise Hampton, and Maureen Prior (right) headed a fine cast.

★ ★ ★ AT THE REVIEW by C. A. LEJEUNE

"THE JACKPOT"

It's splendid to be able to laugh in the cinema again, after so many years of dreary films, tight-lipped films, violent films, and solemn films given over to Social Significance. If *The Jackpot* is the beginning of a new cycle of comedies, I for one shall not complain. Heaven be praised for it, I say. It's about time we stopped moping at the pictures and had a bit of fun. To laugh long and loud like this, to laugh in good company, and to laugh because a film is funny and not because it's merely silly, is as good for us as a week at the seaside.

The Jackpot, based on an article in *The New Yorker*, is about a minor executive in a big department store who wins the 24,000-dollar prize in a radio competition. The title gives an idea of the subject, but no real idea of the joke. For when thunderstruck Bill Lawrence learns, in the middle of a family party, that he has correctly named the Mystery Husband, his transports are short-lived and his troubles only just begun. The prize, you see, comes in goods and not in money, and the goods, which range from several hundred fruit trees and a Palomino pony to the services of a lady portrait painter from Greenwich Village, are of a kind and quantity to make the poor man's life plain hell. Worse still, he learns that they are all subject to income tax, and only by selling them immediately can he get enough money to pay the tax.

This is the sort of outrageous comedy that Hollywood has always done to perfection, and James Stewart, who plays the unhappy Mr. Lawrence, is just the man to do it. He is quiet. He has the true droll's trick of conducting his comedy with enormous seriousness. He never laughs at his own jokes, nor clowns for clowning's sake, nor regards the character he is playing with anything other than a careful and anxious gravity. By never appearing to *try* to be funny, he quite magnificently *is*.

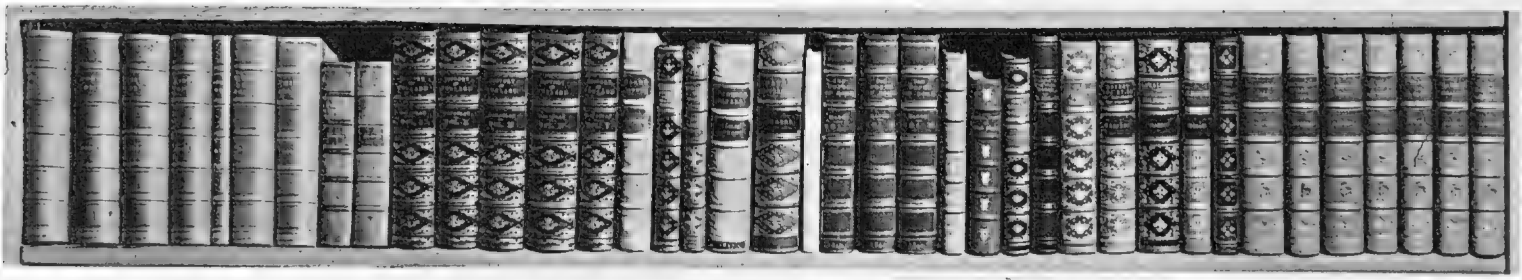
CINEMA ★ ★ ★

PREVIEW

"THE MUDLARK," chosen for the Royal Film Performance at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, on October 30, is based on the best-selling novel by American author Theodore Bonnet. Set in the period 1875, the story concerns a cockney waif who wanted to see Queen Victoria. He gate-crashed the Queen's private dining-room at Windsor on an evening when she was entertaining Disraeli, and his escapades in the Castle had nation-wide repercussions.

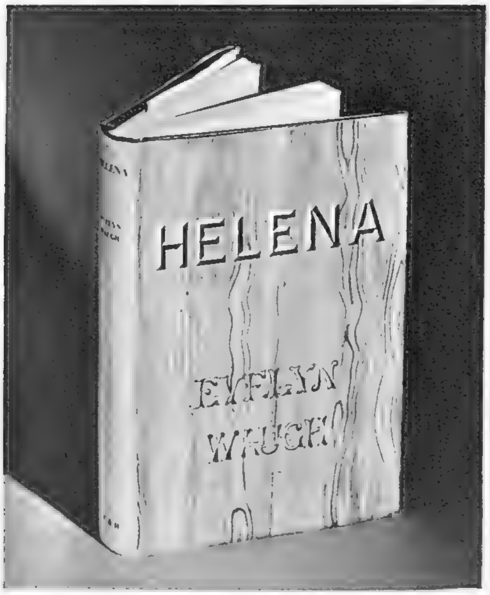
The waif (Andrew Ray) sits on the throne during his adventures in Windsor Castle.

Queen Victoria (Irene Dunne) entertains guests at dinner. Disraeli (Alec Guinness) sits on her right, while John Brown (Finlay Currie) stands behind her chair



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE



" HELENA " : By EVELYN WAUGH
(Chapman and Hall : 9s. 6d.)

I WONDER whether some facetious critic back in the 'thirties suggested that he would like to read the lives of the Saints in the idiom of *Vile Bodies* ? It is the sort of thing that was said to the early Evelyn Waugh whose work seemed to tempt reviewers and readers into being smarty-pants. Now here it is—the legend of St. Helena recounted with all the liveliness and insouciance that was once dedicated to Agatha Runcible.

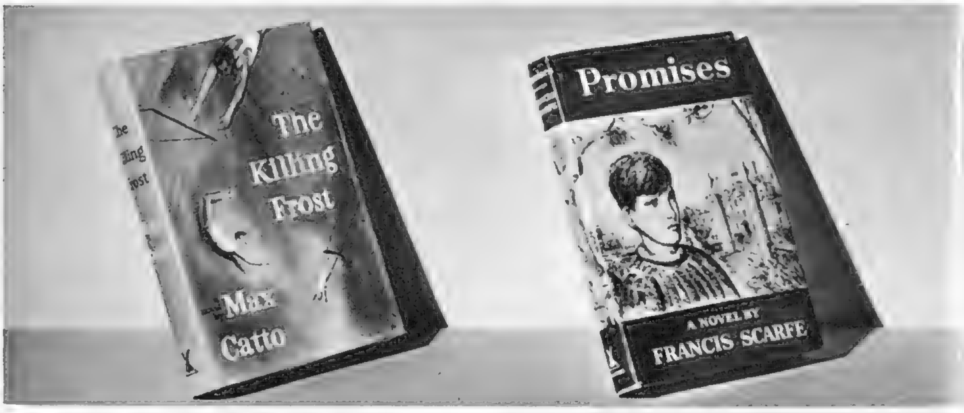
The Helena of this book is not the portentous miracle-worker of other hagiographers, but a downright, businesslike English girl, devoted to horses, fond of a good meal (" What a spread ! " said Princess Helena, when she had guzzled. " What a blow-out ! ") and quick to perceive quackery and pretentiousness. " Bosh ! " she says, and " Rot ! " and " Oh, nonsense ! " when in her old age she is searching for the True Cross and being offered the more sickly legends, such as a story that it was made of aspen which causes that tree still to shiver with shame.

She is almost the only sane person at the court of her son the Emperor Constantine, and the only adviser to whom he will listen. " What on earth have you got on your head ? " she asks him when they meet after twenty years and Constantine is wearing a green wig. " Just a little thing I popped on this morning," says the Emperor.

It is all rather like that, dizzy, gay and yet leaving one with the feeling that one has read a profound and beautiful story. Which in fact one has, for although history and legend are mixed here so that only a historian could disentangle them, and although everyone talks rather as they might in a brilliant modern play, and although there are some anachronisms and a good deal of sketchiness in places where one hoped to find clarity, yet there does emerge a truly fine portrait of the knowing old lady, whose long and varied life leaves her dissatisfied so that she sets forth for her last and greatest task undaunted by weakness and discouragements. That picture remains and only gains strength and beauty from its frivolous framing. It is as good as the best of Mr. Waugh's work.

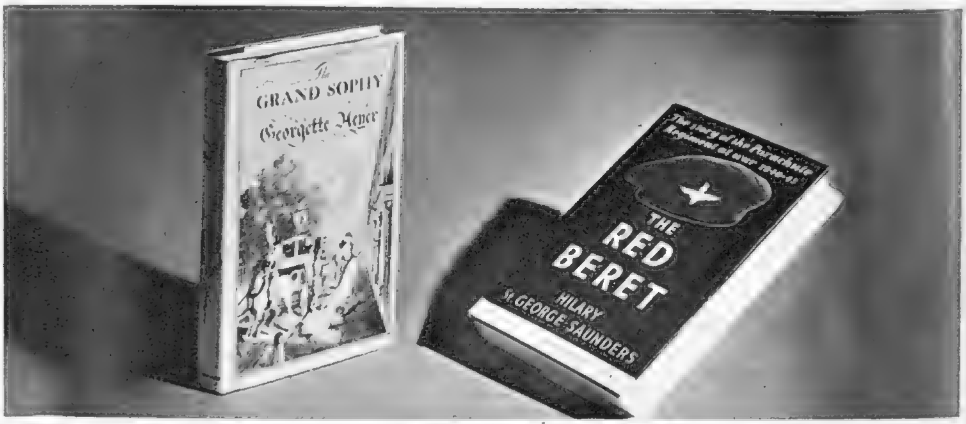
"The Piper's Tune." By George Blake. (Collins: 10s. 6d.) —Decline of a man of property on the Firth of Clyde.

"I Don't Mind if I Do". By Elspeth Huxley. (Chatto and Windus: 9s. 6d.)—A humourous novel by the author of "Walled City." Funny, but not quite funny enough.



"The Killing Frost." By Max Catto. (Heinemann: 10s. 6d.) —The old trio on the same trapeze.

"Promises." By Francis Scarfe. (Heinemann: 10s. 6d.) —A poet's study of boyhood.



"The Grand Sophy." By Georgette Heyer. (Heinemann: 10s. 6d.)—Rip-roaring Regency stuff. This author at her best.

"The Red Beret". By Hilary St. George Saunders. (Michael Joseph: 15s. 0d.)—The story of the Parachute Regiment at war, worthily told.

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MODEL

STAGE.—Jean Cadell: For beautifully-keyed performance of May Beringer, timed and doomed, in "The Old Ladies" at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

J. C. Trewin

RADIO.—Ted Kavanagh, greatest of comedy script-writers, for "The Great Gilhooly," which is settling down to become a weekly Appointment With Laughter.

Frederick Laws

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

LITERATURE.—Evelyn Waugh: For the cool prose and warm humanity of his novel "Helena."

[signature]

SCREEN.—James Stewart: For his beautifully droll performance as the worried winner of "The Jackpot"—split-second timing imposed on natural fun.

C. A. Lejeune

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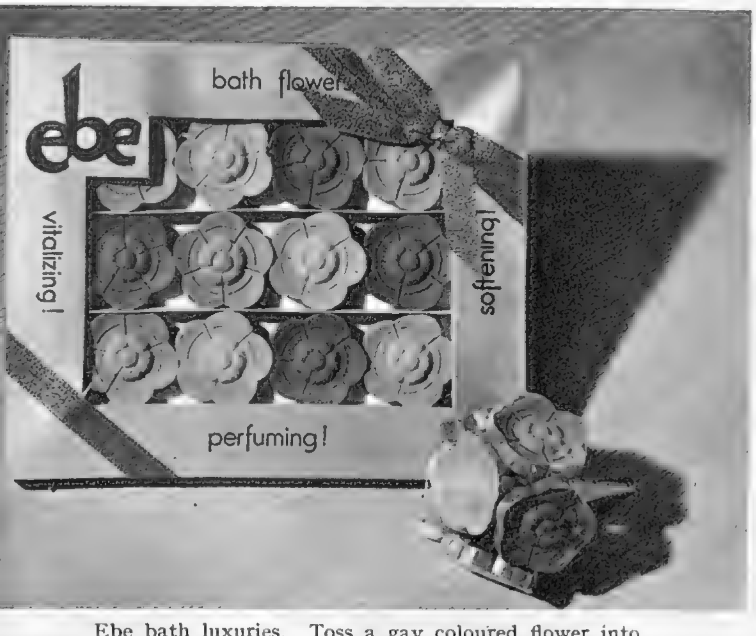

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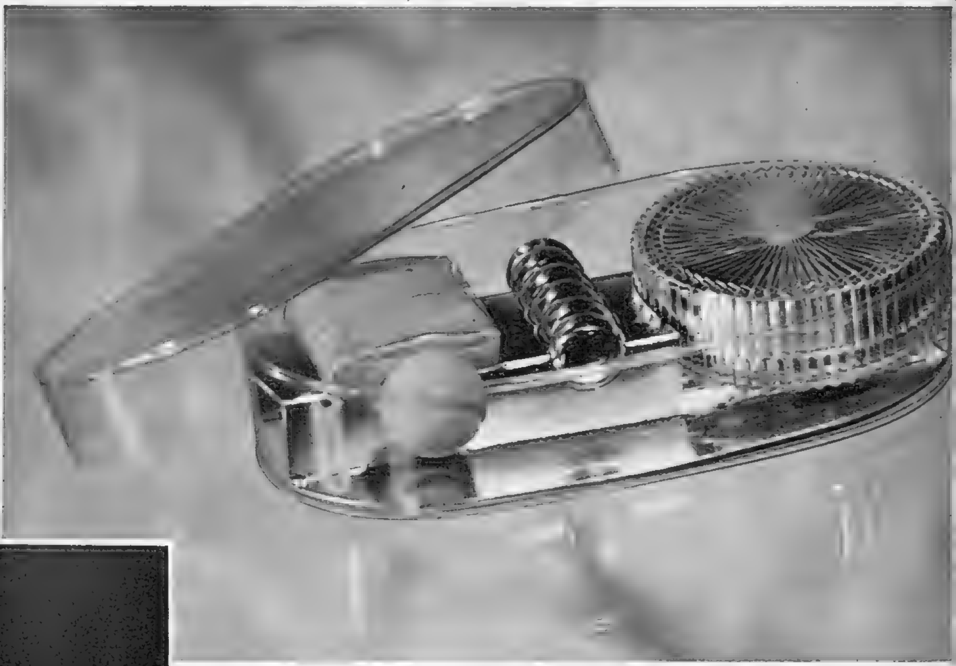
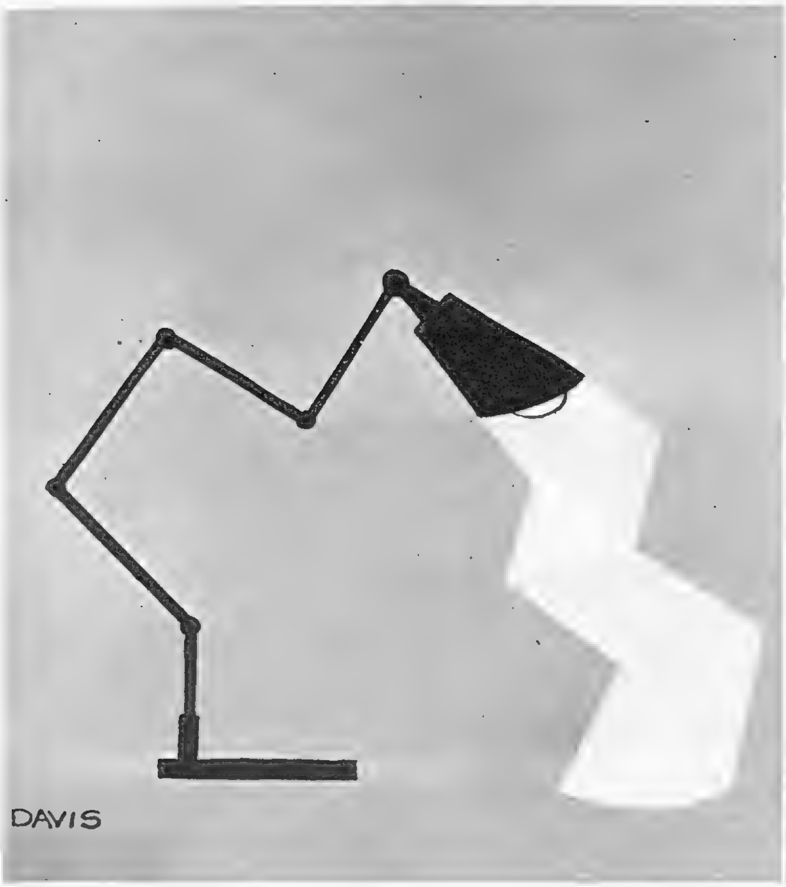


Give her that " Silken Look." Helena Rubinstein's new atomised silk make-up in a transparent pack containing powder, tone foundation and lipstick, 35s. 10d.

Three of Innoxa's Christmas gift range : Hand Lotion, 5s. 10d. ; Talcum Powder, 5s. ; Bath Powder, 7s. 6d. Various attractively packed *coffrets* are also available.

For lovely hair : After three years of experiment, Steiner presents his new Hair Perfume " 66 " at 15s. 6d. Also his already well-known S3 Shampoo and Sebosyn.



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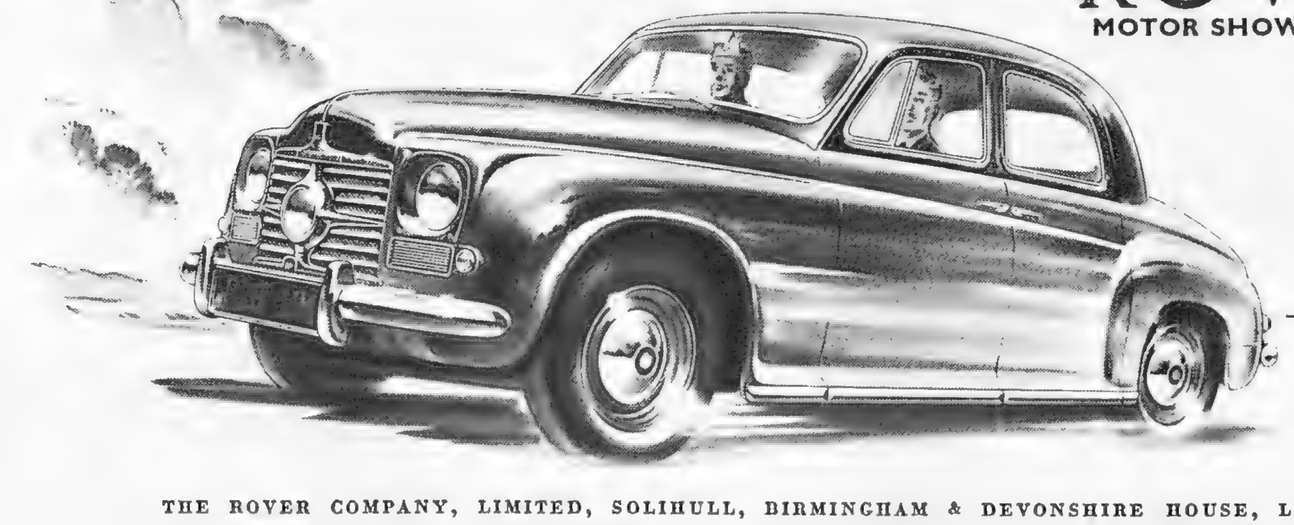

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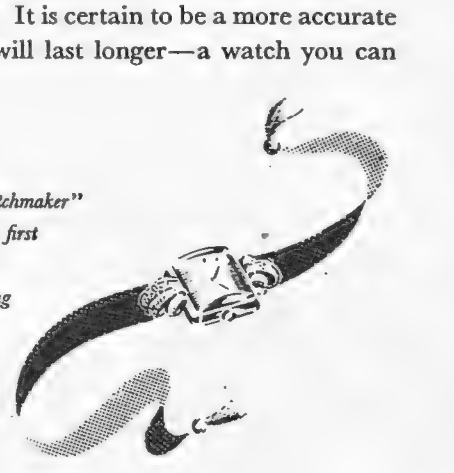

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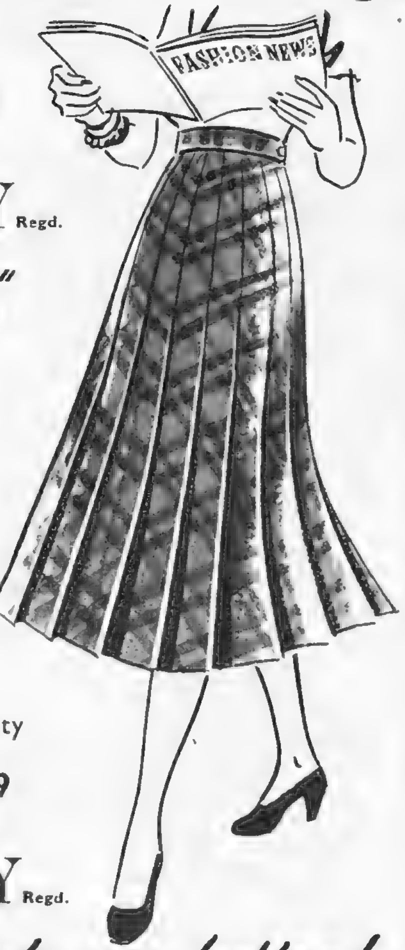

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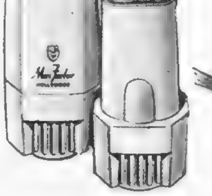

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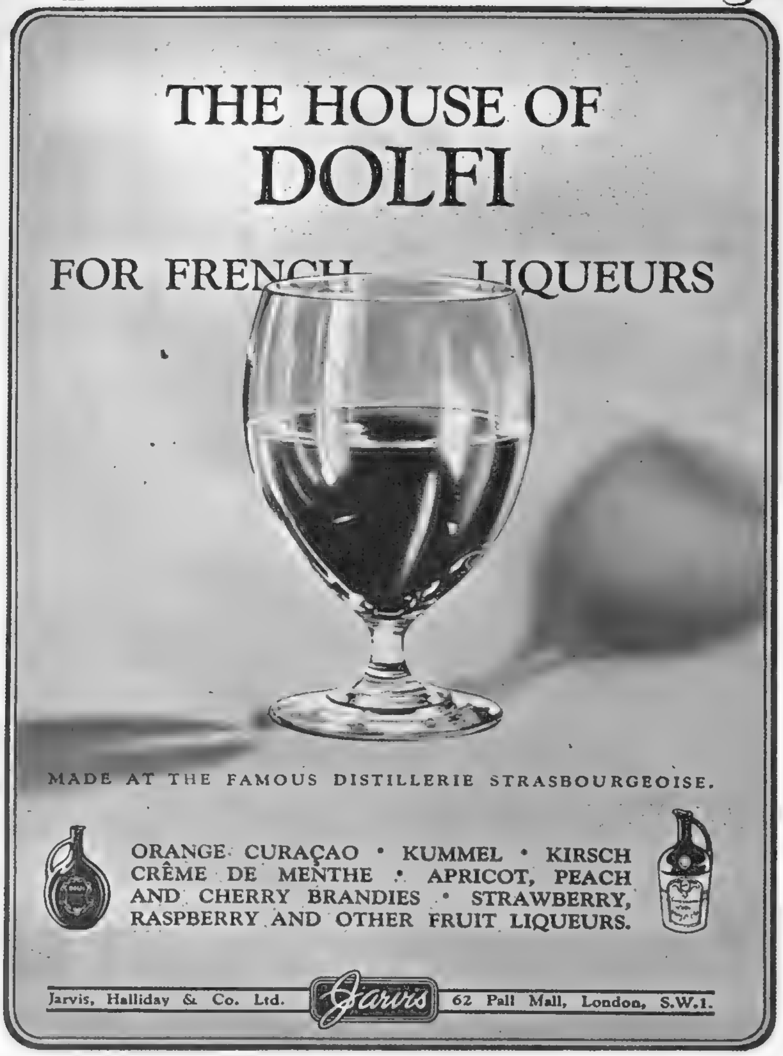
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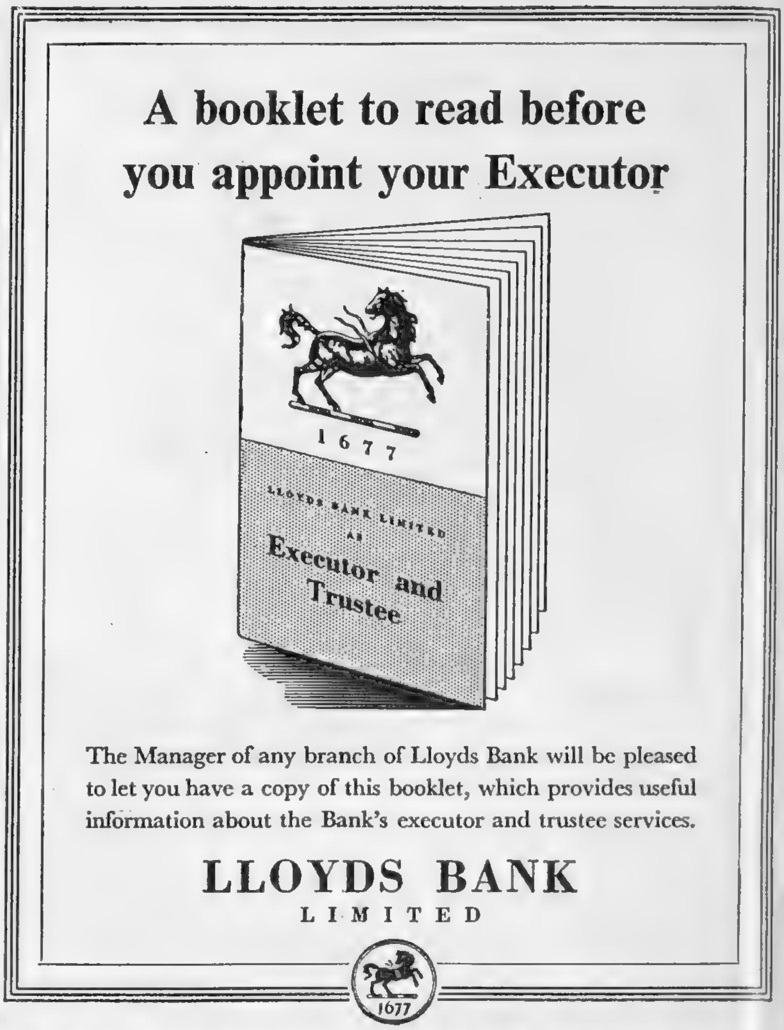
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